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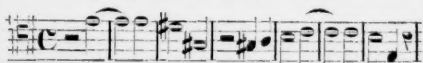
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Annual Congress of Musicians "of the Future."—Tonkuenstler-Versammlung in Altenburg, July 19-23.*

(Continued from page 303).

..... To the grandeur and originality of the *Requiem* by Berlioz, the *Thirteenth Psalm* by Liszt (also performed on the evening of the first day) forms a characteristic counterpart by the heart-winning depth of feeling, by the prevailing tender coloring, with a corresponding warmth of instrumentation. . . . Hence the touching heartfelt simplicity, the noble popularity, renouncing all self-satisfying artist pride as such, whereby the composer subordinates his own religious need to that of the community and identifies himself with that; hence the immediate musical charm, as well as the poetic efficacy, the picturesque objectivity of the representation, with all the ideality of conception and of feeling.

The plan of the work shows a wonderful psychological architecture, which we are tempted to point out at least in its outlines. The first half of the Psalm describes the downcast mood of the believer, even to distrust in God, but which, just at the crisis of danger, as if suddenly illuminated, gives place to a joyful confidence, which awakens fresh life in him, arms him with new courage, and leads him on to final victory. The principal theme (I) introduced at the very beginning, and laid at the very foundation of the whole, is this:



Joined to this theme, the first phase in the development of the feeling explains the situation. A thought, which in its musical significance leads back to the second half of the principal theme, forms the instrumental *fugato* (II) which now follows, and which depicts the inward discord, the soul conflict of the believer, while chorus and tenor solo form an independent, essentially homophonous group against the orchestra. In a third stadium ("Consider and hear me, O Lord," A flat major, III), the main theme, suffused with an enchanting softness and with a mild splendor of instrumental coloring, and winged by the heaven-soaring figures of the cellos and violins, assumes a profoundly meek and supplicating character. Yet the mood becomes once more clouded, and there now begins, as it were, a psychological crisis, in connection with the words: "Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; and those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved." In measured graphic traits the composer unrolls a battle picture, whose thematic basis is formed again by a thoughtful modification of the main theme. The under-fifth in the third measure (as above) here becomes a questioning and sneering upper-fourth, as if alluding to another passage in the Psalms: "Where now is thy God?" The battling waves gradually subside; but the long-drawn sighs of the wind instruments

and the *pizzicato* intonation of the main theme, mostly in diminished intervals, point to the weary and exhausted state, the broken spirit of the wrestler against God. Then, as if the clouds divided and a wild ray of hope broke through, flutes, clarinets and horn intone the main theme and lead over to a fourth phase of feeling (IV), expressed in the words: "But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation." The musical rendering of this passage (A major) is of overpowering earnestness. The rest of the Psalm is an *ideal* recapitulation of the foregoing situations, but in the light of the new and inward joyfulness. Next, the third group, "Consider," &c., (IIIa) is again introduced in the principal key A major; then allusions to the crisis of the conflict (*marziale*) lead into a powerful fugue movement, whose correspondence with the second phase of feeling (IIa) is obvious. The instrumental *fugato* represents an inward conflict, in which the mind, entangled in low-spirited doubts, turned its arms in a certain manner against itself; but now it can give outward validity, in fresh action, to the new invigoration of its moral life. Now tenor solo as well as chorus take part in this stirring active impulse. The fugue movement flows into a brilliant *reprise* of the second main theme ("But I have trusted," IVa), whereupon the whole receives its crowning keystone in a majestic apotheosis of the main theme (Ia).

The return to the beginning, completing the circle of the psychological development, is already sufficiently indicated through the instrumentation (stringed quartet, horns, clarinets, bassoons). But as the *coda* must in a pregnant manner sum up the whole dramatico-musical development, we find here also the ideal substance of every one of the four phases, specially characterized above, "raised up" and blended into living spiritual unity in the glorified main theme. The thematic substance of the choral part is carried back to groups III and IV, while the heroic, noble movement of a trumpet solo tells like a *fanfara*, of the victorious issue of the contest.

Thus all the single parts work together in organic mutual relation; no trace of anything arbitrary, "of wrestling with form"; all that the composer has willed comes to exhaustive expression. Clearest artistic consciousness, plastic-poetic shaping and genial freedom and immediateness of musical invention and feeling here join hands, and in harmonious coöperation, present an artistic whole beautifully complete in meaning and in form, which will never fail to take hold of susceptible hearers—and in fact, did not fail in this performance here, although many a musician, with prejudices hard to put aside, may have had his scruples about some particulars. We left the church inwardly exalted. * * *

And the execution! All devoted to it their best powers, their entire attention. One saw here, what a mighty lever for each individual capacity lies in the thought, that each contributes to the realization of an extraordinary undertak-

ing. We may justly mention in the first line Riedel's society, sturdy, unterrified champion for all important artistic appearances. To them, above all, applies the word that repeatedly forced itself upon us during the performance: Man grows with the greatness of his aims.

* * * Such unconditional devotion to its task, is only attainable in a Society, which systematically excludes all speculation upon material success as a diversion from its proper goal, and makes persistent constancy to the ideal aim a duty of its members. . . . [The remainder of the account of the first day's performances is made up of praise, in general and in detail, of the performers,—Riedel's Society, the tenor soloist, Herr Schild, the orchestra, and the organist, Herr Papier of Leipzig. This report is signed "F. Stade." The report of the second day is furnished by Herr Hermann Zopff.]

Second Day.

Monday, the 20th, offered two important concerts, including a great number of novelties.

At 10 A. M. the concert for Chamber Music took place in the hall of the "Concordia" Society. For novelties the programme contained: an Octet for string instruments (op. 3, in D major) by G. Hermann; two movements of a string quartet by C. O. Radecki; Violoncello melodies by J. Huber; Organ Fugue by H. Zopff, arranged for two pianos; pieces for two pianos by C. Thon; Trio (op. 36, F minor), and a Bass Song by Wilhelm Speidel; besides *Lieder* by M. Hartmann, Ph. Rüfer, O. Volck, Em. Kronach, A. Horn, and Em. Büchner, and various well-known works to be mentioned later. The executants were Mmes. L. Meyer of Darmstadt and Wiedemann of Leipzig; the Court-opera singers Krause of Berlin and Wallenreiter of Stuttgart; the pianists Prof. Speidel of Stuttgart, J. Brüll of Vienna, Willi and Louis Thon of Pesth; the violoncellists Krumbholz and Cabisius of Stuttgart; Concertmeister Jacobssohn of Bremen; the contra-bassist chamber virtuoso Simon of Sondershausen; Kapellmeister Herrmann of Lübeck; M. Meyer of the Gewandhaus orchestra in Leipzig; and the chamber musicians Wunsch and Stamm of Altenburg and Steinbrecher of Dessau.

The Trio by Speidel, of Stuttgart, represents the South-German standpoint of production in a way entirely worthy of respect. Admitting this standpoint, with its special regard to fine sonority, to transparency of design strictly adhering to the classic forms, and to unpretending, natural directness of invention, the Trio makes as a whole a very favorable impression through the freshness and fineness of its invention based upon models like Mendelssohn, Beethoven and Schumann, yet by no means showing want of independence and betraying a considerable talent. The main theme of the first movement, gushing forth in a live, fresh stream, is also rhythmically interesting, while for the second main thought a rich and noble *Cantilena* is selected. The following Andante begins soulful and melodious in the Beethoven style, passes afterwards into impassioned strains with characteristic rhythms, and soars toward the end with warm and beautiful *abandon*. The movement might be still more effective, if, on the one hand, the main thought, less frequently split up and broken off, were to spend itself in a full and

*Translated and abridged from the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* (Leipzig).

steady flow, and if, on the other, many a prolongation, which allows the interest to cool off, were left out. In a more free but better *salon* style is the pleasing and attractive Scherzo and its harmonically fascinating Trio, while the last movement in its main theme, takes a bold, high-soaring start, and like the first, enchains one by the rich *cantilena* of the second theme. The whole work may be counted among the better and more attractive productions of the most recent past.

Not less deserving of our warmest recognition is the Octet of the Lübeck Kapellmeister, G. Hermann, for 4 violins, 2 violas, 'cello and double bass. It moves in a sphere reminding us of models like Beethoven and Spohr, without betraying lack of original invention. To be sure, the composer, seeing that he had chosen eight solo instruments, might have made more use of polyphony and a more independent prominence of the lower instruments, in place of many too uniform figures of accompaniment. This he has done only in single passages, for instance, very effectively and pleasingly in a fine violoncello *cantilena*. But the work, even as it stands, shows a respectable talent for this kind of composition, and a skilful mastery of means. Among other things the addition of a double bass gave advantageous coloring and shading to the whole. The lively first movement rises in its second half to an effective grandeur, and contains pithy as well as rhythmically interesting movements. Then follows an elegiac Andante, full of feeling, and so evenly and richly carried out, that it may be called a wide, refreshing oasis in our restless times, when it is given to so few musicians to let a sustained movement flow along with real depth of feeling, yet with uniform and satisfying measure. The Andante is followed by a neat and captivating Scherzo with characteristic rhythms, and a Trio colored with a certain Hungarian nationality, which might have served for more extended treatment. In the last movement, too, the happy cast and impassioned impulse of the leading thought is quite effective. This work was deservedly repeated, and with lively applause, in a second additional *matinée* on the 23d.

The second part of the *matinée* opened with two movements of a string Quartet by Carl von Radecki of Riga, which by the elegant refinement and unpretending discreetness of their plan seemed better suited to a small circle of devoutly listening connoisseurs in chamber music. . . .

The violoncello melodies, by Joseph Huber, are unpretentious pieces, commendable in style and easy of execution. Carl Thern's Nocturne and Scherzo for two pianos are a couple of very thankful, brilliant *salon* pieces in the nobler style, and at the same time interesting by their changeable and often truly characteristic rhythms.

As for the novelties in solo song composition, the *Lieder* chosen upon this occasion were generally much less striking than those of the former meetings. . . .

(To be continued.)

Sunday Music.

(From the London Orchestra.)

Music publishers have at last made the discovery that there is a great want of proper music for the English family circle on Sunday evenings. The want is in process of supply, serials weekly and monthly are issuing, some with high tone, some with moderate, and some with no tone at all. Firms of long and reputable standing in the trade are becoming in a way "sacred music warehouses," for all that is inviting and satisfactory to those of our countrymen who are desirous of uniting the pleasures of piety with its works and obligations.

We have in these columns again and again insisted on the necessity of putting life and humanity into our Sunday music, and to effect this the spirit of art must be associated with the spirit of worship. Indeed, this is the law upon which all great art is founded, and from which all great art

has alone been produced. The history of art in music is short and simple. Music was given man primarily as the thank-offering to his Maker, and the divine order of ritual in national worship expressly declares music to be the absolute necessity of its vehicle. The history of music further shows us that where nations fell into idolatry, music was taken away from those nations; and, as a fact, ceased to exist with them. Further, those nations who dishonored music by neglecting its cultivation and supply in their national worship, excelled in musical art only to this extent—the production of an artistic school stolen from that which had been created for the sanctuary, and of infinitely less power over the strong feelings of the human heart. In cases where Christian nations forbade music in their church services, such nations ceased to produce musical composers, and were blotted out from the musical art-world as spots of darkness and corruption.

Music, as our readers well know, is the expression of man's heart, speaking in the universal language of sounds. It has its matter, or ideas, its manner, or form, progress and development of these ideas; and its spirit, which in its right estate is the mind, soul, and body of man, the creature, in harmony with the Creator. This world, in its right state, is simply one harmony of the Almighty Being who created it; and man can do nothing really great that disturbs this harmony; and what he may do in the way of disturbance cannot live. Where there are ten volumes of church music what we may term now *alive*, there are a hundred volumes of operatic music dead and passed out of all memory. There was a good-for-nothing German composer of the last century named Weigl, who, in his ignorance and impudence, asked Mozart how he wrote his music. He met with the instantaneous reply, "Find out, Weigl, as I had to find out." This man wrote some operas which he conceived to be music, but no one in these days can look into them without disappointment and disgust. The poor creature had no notion of music in the proper sense of the term, for, when asked why he no longer wrote operas, he answered, "Alas, I am getting old, and have no more ideas; in fact, I can only write church music." We hardly need say Weigl soon after departed for other regions, taking his "church music" with him.

We have been led to these observations by some remarks upon church music in one of our contemporaries in its number for this month. In noticing the present state of church music in England, the writer lays it down that there must be art in sacred music, for the old church composers were grand fellows after their manner; and that the "sacred" composers of the present day may be divided into three classes. First: composers who write for "the religious market." It would seem these are sad fellows indeed. They are "bungling arrangers," and their efforts are "depressing," "sombre," "dull," "doleful," "lugubrious," without any sense of the sacredness of the trust vouchsafed to the religious composer, and all that they do is simply pernicious. The second class are those artistic composers who, "having learnt the trick of sacred harmonies, can throw off any amount of religious music in any given time."

The writer tells his readers that there is the artistic side of church music, which he foolishly describes as "the trick of sacred harmonies," and he admits that without this learning, time is of no use, for such music cannot be produced at all; and he further incautiously asserts that he who has learnt what Gluck called his *métier* in church music, can compose religious music, whether he himself be religious or not. But feeling this not to be true, the writer soon contradicts himself in laying it down that the third class of sacred composers are those who write from "the germ of religious inspiration, having true religion in their hearts, and feeling that religious words can only be legitimately united to religious music. It is not enough to learn "the trick of sacred harmonies," the composer must also learn the trick of true religion in his heart. In fact, art becomes nothing, and religion everything.

All this is a very loose way of writing, and

can be productive of no good result. We grant, unreservedly, that the man who sets himself at work to supply so much music prettily sacred at so much a page, without any knowledge of the elements and original phrases of church song, and without any command over the proportions of church harmony, is a good-for-nothing hack, powerless for producing, or even adapting any good music; and all that he does is sombre and sickening, depressing and disgusting. We hail with satisfaction the admission of the writer that, properly to compose a piece of church music, the composer must first have learnt the essential matter and the uses of its being. He describes this knowledge as "the trick of sacred harmonies"—meaning, of course, to assert that there are lying, as the foundation of worship-music, certain phrases and forms, the necessary phenomena of its existence. We are free to admit that a man may have the artistic command of these foundations of church music, and yet not be able to excite any devotional or reverential feeling in his employ of them. Many a hard head, a hard heart and a hard hand are to be seen every Sunday in some church pulpits—engaged in dealing with the most gracious and loving subjects, and beyond all others most dear to humanity—and yet evincing no emotion, and certainly producing none on the part of the hearers. There are wooden preachers in wooden pulpits, as well as wooden musicians in wooden galleries, and these make wooden congregations. But we deny that "religious inspiration" alone will make what our writer calls "a composer of religious music." The servant of art in music cannot properly exercise his mission as the servant of God in music without a perfect knowledge of the everything and all of his art; and the composer who unites the knowledge of art with the realities of worship is, in one sense, always writing religious music, whatever he may be engaged upon. Because he would not wilfully disturb the harmony of the universe, or give outward form and expression to feelings disgraceful to humanity. Handel is as pure in his opera as in his oratorio; and when he portrays in his opera the best and highest feelings of our nature, we can take out the opera song and transplant it into his oratorio. What can be more devotional in music than that song of Handel—"Lord, remember David," and yet he wrote it for an opera, and for Senesino, the greatest opera singer of the day. Take, again, the grand scene of Caesar before the tomb of Pompey, or that no less grand one in the opera of "Tamerlane;" compare these two recitatives with the more known but not more wonderful one in the "Jephtha,"—are they not all three written in the highest forms of church music, and in the deepest and strongest spirit of worship? There must be the power as well as the piety; and where the piety is real, it rarely rests until it has secured the power.

Handel indulged in no special "trick of sacred harmonies" if we are to understand by this term that he had a mechanism for his secular compositions perfectly opposed to, or differing from, that which he used in his sacred composition. The first chorus in the "Messiah," "And the glory of the Lord," is a secular composition. The second chorus, "And He shall purify," is made up from a secular duet, and equally so the chorus "All we like sheep." The chorus, "He spake the word," in the "Israel in Egypt," is not Handel's at all, for it is the composition of Stradella, being a *serenade* given by a lover to his mistress, performed under her window by two orchestras in two coaches. The Hailstone Chorus is made up from Stradella, and so is the pretty pastorale, "He led them forth like sheep." The chorus, "Egypt was glad," is a canzonet by Kerl, and the chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder" is another by Krieger; and to Krieger do we owe the four subjects in the last chorus of the "Israel," the "Horse and his rider." It is true all these compositions were written by artistic composers, who had learnt "the trick of sacred harmonies," for if these movements had not been examples of high art they would not have suited Handel's purpose. It is because they were full of faith, energy, and joyfulness, and all the higher attributes

of the spirit of worship, that they met the wants of the composer of the "Messiah" and the "Israel." Handel never borrowed silly, stupid, dull, or doleful music, for he well knew music of this description was utterly opposed to all religious emotion. The word "religious" implies an ever-present sense of obligation; but obligation associated with the highest pleasures the human being is capable of. And it was this strong appreciation of the union of what we may term animal delight with spiritual duty, that made the old forms of worship at certain periods so incongruous. A reference to the old comic sermon, the comic hymn, the comic mystery, the dance before the high altar, the secular tunes of Thurstan, the founder of our Sarum Ritual, the worldly melodies of St. Isidore in the Mosarabic office-books, —a reference, we say, to any of these curious corners in liturgical history, will demonstrate that real worship may exist in combination with the gratification of that noble part of man's being—his body.

Sour as were John Calvin, John Knox, and the Puritan party, they seized hold of secular tunes to assist them in carrying out their principles of reformation, and the old 100th tune is a secular tune, and of not very decent origin; and the finest choral in a Lutheran church is a secular melody of old Isaac of Insprück. At times England has been in great straits for want of a decent choral. Good and pious poets have made sweet and stirring hymns, and there was no composer "learned in the trick of sacred harmonies" at hand to set them to music. But tunes were found for these hymns, and hence it is that we sing "Rock of ages" (the beautiful hymn by Toplady) to a charming simple melody by Rousseau, the origin of which our writer quite mistakes when he asserts it was composed for a dance in an opera. Madan, the chaplain of the Magdalen Hospital, made a special hymn for the Advent season. What was he to do for a tune? No cathedral organist would have written a tune for the methodistical Toplady of his day, and we much question if any cathedral organist dare have written one for the author of "Thelyphthora." So he took the Scotch melody called "Helmshley," which had been sung with such great effect at Vauxhall by Mrs. Arne, to the words "Guardian angels, now protect him." There is nothing vulgar in these two tunes; and compared to the ranting and raving secular melody unhappily associated to the "Jerusalem the Golden," of Dr. Neale, these two tunes are the acme of religious worship. If it be wrong to introduce into church service a melody not originally written for that purpose, the fault lies with the dignitaries of the church; for these learned, and of course pious persons, first themselves set up the practice, and secondly, never spent a penny upon the education of any church musician, so that he might be qualified to write a proper choral whenever the occasion arose for his so doing. Your untaught humanity naturally falls in love with a good melody; and if bishops knew nothing about melody, and cathedral organists were never taught the principles upon which it is founded, is it a marvel that John Wesley and Rowland Hill looked out into the broad world to seek for simple music that would please the people they were desirous to propitiate and to interest? England had forgotten the foundations of church music; she had laid aside the old chants for her psalms; and until Handel came, and brought out the old-world intones, England had no old choral and no old *capella* writing that had taken any hold on the national mind. No anthem of Tallis or Byrde can be said to be fixed in English memories, and we much question if England, as a nation, at the time Handel came here, would have anywise mourned over the burning of all the anthems ever written by Gibbons and Lawes, Rogers and Child.

There is now what is called a great revival of the spirit of musical worship. To be of any real value, it must settle down upon the ever-living foundation of church song. This is the history of all reform in church music. Palestrina fell back upon the old chant, and put an end to the

masses on the "Arméd Man" and other popular ditties of his time. Bach and Handel took the Lutheran forms of the old ecclesiastical melodies, and in this way made Germany the first of musical countries. Vogler inoculates Weber and Meyerbeer with the ancient ritual phrase music, and hence we have the old monkish songs in the modern operatic chorus. Mendelssohn hated this kind of caricature, and he turned the feeling into its right direction. Not one of these great men ventured a sneer at what was good and grand in this old-world music. On the contrary, it was the foundation upon which they built the superstructure. We are much in want of "Sunday music," and we doubt not the want will be supplied. But it will not be supplied by those who in their ignorance and impertinence carp and sneer at what they do not understand; nor can any good come from imitating and belauding the base and the mean. True art teaches us to look up, not down. No artist gains inspiration from grovelling in the dirt.

A Musical "Doppelgänger," or Fetch.

It is astonishing to think on what plans some people have hit to attain their ends. We do not refer to such plans as those for which their projectors feared the light of day, and which would have necessarily brought the latter into collision with the law, public order, and the police authorities. We refer to plans which ought really to be called deceitful, but which harm no one, and consequently are generally allowed to pass in life as perfectly honorable, under the category of "cunning."

In how sly a manner a knowing young gentleman will manage to escape punishment from a severe papa, many of us could tell a tale. How cleverly a loving pair manage to hoodwink the watchful eyes of the old people is another fact known probably at all times and in all places. It is, however, something far more rare, and for many persons unintelligible, to see an unconquerable spirit of energy cause a man even to deny his own identity, in order to learn something—to see him, for instance, perform the most menial duties in order to get near his teacher. The history of sculptors and painters can show a great many such instances; want of means, which shut against them the door of an esteemed, popular, and, naturally, also highly-paid master, has generally been the reason why young men of ardent aspirations have sought and found the strangest means for satisfying those aspirations.

But there are also, analogous cases in music. Many of us know, for instance, how a German composer, afterwards a great man, being eager to learn, fulfilled the duties of a shoeblack in the house of a celebrated professor of counterpoint and composition, for the purpose, in the first place, of becoming known to him, and gradually working up to be a pupil of his. Of course, he was successful. But perhaps the most curious case of the kind is the following:

The *Viola da Gamba* was at one time a generally fashionable and favorite instrument; among the countries in which it was so, we must mention France, where it was called the *Basse de Viole*. Professional players and amateurs vied with each other in cultivating it, and one inevitable consequence was that, in time, virtuosos on it sprang up. There were two, particularly, who attained great reputations in Paris: Forqueray (written also, Forcroix), and Marais. Both naturally paid homage—for, had they not done so, whence would they have obtained their reputation?—to the taste of the day, but each did so in his own fashion. Forqueray was more especially master of passages, runs, and shakes; he possessed the art of overcoming all the apparent impossibilities of his instrument. Marais, on the other hand, carried away his hearers and worked them up to a pitch of enthusiasm by the deep expressiveness of his playing and by his touching melodies.

One day, the first named musician received a visit from a young German who wanted to become his pupil, and as Herr Hesse, for so was he called, possessed some talent, as well as the necessary money, and a desire to work, he became Forqueray's pupil, then and there. And what a pupil he proved! Such zeal and industry the Frenchman had never known before. The progress made could not be otherwise than proportional, and, at the expiration of six months or so, the master was compelled to admit that he should soon have nothing more to teach his pupil. The latter comprehended everything with the utmost ease; conquered all the difficulties given him to execute, and fully justified Forqueray's favorite verdict: "He plays like the very devil."

That the two masters did not associate much with

each other, the reader will easily believe; things were not different in those days from what they generally are now. That, however, the two rivals were the best friends whenever they did meet, and went arm-in-arm to the café together, to chat on art generally, and on their own instrument in particular, is also a matter of course—as it is no different at the present day. M. Forqueray was now particularly delighted at meeting his best friend (!) once more after not having seen him for months. He could tell him that he had formed a pupil who cast everything that had ever been done before, nay, who even cast himself into the shade. Would not the sympathizing (!) soul of his friend participate in his own delight. His triumph, which he had enjoyed in advance, was, however, doomed to be considerably diminished; for to all that he said Marais could merely just nod his head in astonishment, for he, too, had pretty nearly the same story to relate of a pupil of his. It chanced, too, that his pupil had been under him for about half a year, and was likewise a German, only his name was not "Hesse," but "Sachse." The same praise, however, was due to this Sachse for his performance in Marais's style, as Forqueray bestowed, for proficiency in own style, on Hesse. If M. Forqueray was unable to play anything, however difficult, to his Hesse, which the latter could not instantly repeat with the utmost precision and ease, no one could so truly imitate the sweet, intoxicating style of the other master as his pupil Sachse. In a word, the praise indulged in by the two musicians was so beyond all conception, that it struck them both that they might show each other these wonderful Germans of theirs. It was agreed that they should meet during Forqueray's lesson next day, when Marais might convince himself of the correctness of what his rival had asserted.

Long before the hour appointed for the lesson, the two masters had met in M. Forqueray's room. At last, the pupil, also, made his appearance. But he remained, as though struck by lightning, at the door, while M. Marais, dumb with astonishment, sprang from his chair, for—Herr Hesse was no other than his own pupil Sachse. "Bon jour, Monsieur Sachse," cried the other, full of astonishment. The reader may imagine the consternation in the countenances of the three. Marais was the first to recover the use of his tongue. He explained to his colleague the state of matters, and urgently requested the young man to inform them, above all things, how he came to bear two names. The explanation was an extremely simple one. The young German's name was really Hesse. He had come to Paris for the purpose of perfecting himself on the *Viola da Gamba*, which he had already learnt in Germany. He heard persons in Paris bestow equal praise upon both masters, according as the speaker preferred the one style of playing or the other; he sought an opportunity of hearing both, and came to the conclusion that each was unrivalled in his way, but had attained only a one-sided kind of perfection. From this he drew the correct inference that the most accomplished performer on the *Viola da Gamba* would be an artist who could so render himself master of both styles as to be able to compete as successfully with Forqueray as with Marais. He determined, therefore, on having recourse to the stratagem mentioned, and we have seen how well he succeeded; only Herr Sachse was always obliged to be particularly careful not to know either Herr Hesse or Monsieur Forqueray, and that was assuredly no easy task.

We know many a German teacher, who, on making the above discovery, would, despite all his pupil's skill, have very quickly shown that amiable young man the way down stairs. Not so the two Frenchmen. They embraced their common pupil, who was moved to tears, and each did what he could to make a great artist of him. Through him, moreover, they became true friends, connected by the bonds of sincere and cordial esteem.—*London Musical World*.

Haydn and Hans Sachs.*

Some persons may, perhaps, take objection to the fact of Haydn and Hans Sachs being thus placed in juxtaposition, less on account of the long space of time by which they are separated, than on account of the much greater value attached to the muse of Haydn than to that of Hans Sachs. But Hans Sachs was in his day quite as productive and varied as Haydn was in his, and in proof that his poems possess profound and lasting merit, I have one witness worth all the rest together; I mean Wolfgang Goethe. The muses of Haydn and Hans Sachs are too nearly related in their character, for the juxtaposition of the two men to afford fair ground for objection.

Above all things, a predominating trait in both is

*From *Zeller's Blätter für Theater, Musik u. Kunst*.

their *naïveté*; the childlike simplicity and absence of pretension, the innocent unaffectedness and true-heartedness, the cordial simplicity and good-nature accompanied—as conscious *naïveté* always is—by humor and sprightliness, and sometimes even by sly roguishness, qualities which, when combined, constitute *naïveté*. This greets us in Haydn's pleasing, incomparably beautiful quartets, just as in his piano-forte compositions, now, alas, nearly forgotten, and even in his symphonies and oratorios. This is precisely what makes us so fond of constantly turning back to the charming and friendly old man; what causes us to be continually finding fresh charms and beauties in his works; what induces us never to be tired of lying on his breast—it is the childlike nature of his genius, the paradise of child-like goodness, which we perceive in the background, and from which we hear his sweet, moving, and peaceful strains issuing forth. Even when he portrays the seriousness and the sufferings of life, even when his genius takes a higher flight, to sing the creations of God, to lament with the Redeemer on the Cross, to magnify the seasons of the year, and the works of men, and the power of God in Nature, this friendly, conciliatory tone is always heard, like some angel's voice.

Just as he was, he wrote. The noble Master-singer of Nuremberg did the same. How his poetic muse combined *naïveté*, humor, and satire, can be seen nowhere better, and in his own style, too, than in Goethe's poem, "Hans Sachs' poetische Sendung," which, as most persons are aware, was written to revive in Germany that recognition of the old poet which he merits. Only a small number of his poems have been preserved, but they are distinguished by the *naïveté* and good nature to which we have alluded, and by striking, brilliant wit, while his pictures of his own times and the kind of morals then prevalent are far from deficient in sharp satire.

This *naïveté* extends also to those works, in which the two men treat of matters of faith; both are distinguished for their productiveness in this sphere. We know what enthusiastic homage Hans Sachs paid to the ideas of the Reformation, and to the Reformer, in his *Wittenberger Nachtigall*, and how much by his simple and beautiful sacred songs, so full of faith, such as "Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz?" and others, he helped to propagate the Reformation, and how, in his Biblical stories, and his version of the Psalms of David, he sang with the power and confidence of a prophet. But what Joseph Haydn did with his numerous motets, cantatas, and oratorios, is nearer our own time and feeling, for the forms of his ideas are those of to-day, and any one who is not moved by the magnificent choruses of the *Creation*, and of the *Seasons*, any one who does not acknowledge the master, and the profound creative power of faith, has no perception, no appreciation of the depths of art and of faith. "Nicht von mir, von dort kommt Alles!" he exclaimed, with his eyes lifted towards Heaven, and streaming with tears, as, an old man of 70, he sank down, overpowered by the power of this passage, at the performance of the oratorio in question: "Nicht von mir, von dort kommt Alles!"

Concerts at the Spas of Germany.

That a great deal of bad music is to be heard in the world, observes a writer in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, is a tolerably well recognized fact, but how much bad music may be compressed into a single concert, and, despite its badness, admirably performed, is something that can be understood by, and known to, only those who have visited, in summer, some of the most fashionable watering places of Germany. The most talented and the most celebrated singers, male and female, the most famous fiddlers and pianists come every year to the Rhine, whither they bring the most used-up Italian airs and French *roulades*; they sing and play with the greatest precision, and consequently please immensely; but any one who is fond of music wonders in his own mind whether they bring with them such a lot of rubbish, because it suits them, or because they believe that only stuff of this sort pleases the public! We might perhaps, apply the poet's words: "Die beiden kamen sich entgegen" ("the two met each other half way"), that is: the bad taste of the auditors and that of the performers; but, notwithstanding this, I must take the part of the public and declare, that very frequently they are offered much that is worse than they demand, and that they have shown on many occasions their preference for something more refined, or at least more musically elegant, than the false glitter of Verdi's coarse airs, and the *pots-pourris* which are served up to them under the name of fantasias. It is true that at watering-places there is no regular public; the continual change of persons, the ebb and flow of the most varied social elements, bring with them every day fresh likes and dislikes,

different kinds of taste; and the piece that pleased the people of yesterday exceedingly may perhaps weary those of to-day, and *vice versa*; but it is, nevertheless, not very praiseworthy on the part of eminent artists, because the success of what is good does not always seem certain, to choose what is bad because it is sure to obtain them applause. Is bad music, by chance, a part of *bon ton*?

It is frequently asserted that those who visit fashionable watering places must, if they would not spoil their own pleasures or that of everyone else, leave behind them at home all principles not compatible with enjoyment, and moreover the quickest and most careless enjoyment. There may certainly be some watering-places, Homburg beyond all others, where this is literally the case; such places are frequented only by those whose sole object is to get some amusement or other out of the day; music possesses value in the eyes of the public assembled there only when it brings with it celebrated names; no concerts either are given there, only operas; and singers whose names are most generally known are got together from all countries; what they sing, and how they sing, are matters of perfect indifference to the directors, who know that the great thing for the people who assemble in their Kurhaus is the gaming, and that their visitors feel inclined to hear Mdlle. Artôt or Mad. Lucca only when they have won largely and do not want to play any longer, or when they have lost all their money and are not able to play any more. There are other places, however, where, though the gaming is still the principal thing, the public are different; where you find many persons who do not welcome every kind of diversion, but only such as is offered in a becoming form. Even here, the reputation of the artist is certainly thought more of than what he does; but, in despite of this, the attempt to bring forward the more refined elements in music is not to be regarded as an unconditional failure. It is, however, most rarely made, and by Germans less than by any one else. The latter appear to believe that every possible kind of concession must be made to the foreign element, while, on the other hand, foreigners expect from German artists that music with which they are most nearly related, and not French and Italian airs and fantasias, which foreigners have heard executed better by others.

It is by no means an uninteresting study to read through the programmes of the concerts given at the various fashionable watering-places. It is only at the concerts that celebrated artists are to be heard; the farmers of the gaming-tables get them up, and, as a rule, pay the performers most splendidly; it is not, of course, the value of the performance which is the great thing, but merely the name. If now, we run through the programmes of the concerts at Wiesbaden, Ems, and Baden, we find that, at Ems, the music offered the public is all French and Italian; that it is a medley at Wiesbaden; while at Baden there are great efforts apparent to make concessions to the German element, Baden, which is considered as a thoroughly French watering-place, merely situated in Germany, being the only such resort where there were this year German "model performances," where *Don Juan* and *Lohengrin* were given with the very best care (Niemann, B. tz, Dulle Aste, Nachbauer, Mdlle. Mallinger, and Mad. Bertram-Mayer). Baden is, too, the only locality where artists are not merely splendidly paid, but where they feel themselves, in addition, comfortable and at home. To describe how magnificently they are treated by the new farmer of the tables, M. Dupres-soir, and to show how much superior are the tone and the company in Baden to what they are at other watering-places, would take up too much space, and, besides, not be in keeping with a musical paper; but there is one fact certain: that it is only in Baden that great artists are permanently settled or stop for the whole summer, without doing so in the way of their profession. Madame Schumann, Madame Viardot-Garcia, Herren Cossmann, Jacques Rosenhain, Eckert, and Pixis, pass a considerable portion of the year at Baden, without troubling themselves at all about business, the two ladies being constantly surrounded by an ever-changing court of artists and writers. Such an assemblage proves that not only nature, but the society of the place is very attractive. To return, however, to music, and the consideration of the public. That in a watering-place where gaming is carried on, the visitors, with the exception of the sick, consist only of such persons as are desirous of finding in their summer resort the expensive pleasure of town life is a fact which does not require demonstration. They want to be amused, but the reader must recollect that they want only to pay for gambling and dining, or, perhaps, in addition, for a trip or so into the country, but never for music—though there may be a few French and English who

have not heard *Lohengrin*, and do not shrink from the great heat, provided they are enabled to have their say about Wagner. Otherwise, however, the visitors have no money for concerts—the administration is everywhere obliged to distribute large numbers of free admissions, in order to fill the room. In Baden, it has the frankness to make no charge at all for admission (except at one grand concert for the poor, when there are no tickets given away at all). Now it is well known that persons who do not pay, if they are not *claqueurs*, are more difficult to satisfy than anyone else, and, at watering-places, where, as a rule, they go to concerts and defy the great heat merely to show themselves, it is almost impossible to please them. If they are offered light music, they say they have heard it a hundred times before; serious music tires them. "Beethoven, this hot weather!" Speaking of a fair *bravura* singer, they say she has no feeling, and, of another, they assert that her voice is ponderous. Such being the state of mind of the public, nothing would properly remain for an artist to do but to give them the best that is especially in *his own line*, and not trouble himself any more about the matter. But it is particularly in art, where, up to a certain degree, independence is the best means of success, that persons possessed of independence are more rare than in other things. The consequence is that we see, at watering-places, very eminent artists taking all sorts of pains to extort applause from the public; they succeed in doing so once; the next time, the public require something new, and suddenly receive with great coolness the concession which pleased them exceedingly a week before, when perhaps they would have respected the individuality of an independent artist. We have thus in a limited space the proof of the principle: that all ameliorations must emanate from within. But I am growing too serious—therefore I conclude by giving a piece of good advice to all artists who are not intent on business alone, but wish to spend their time artistically and agreeably: let them come this year to Baden.

Offenbach's Operas.

(From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

It must be a source of regret to every one in this country who desires education of popular taste to genuine appreciation of good music, that the demand and the supply of opera *bouffe* in the United States are constantly increasing. We are threatened this season with performances by no less than four different companies, and the aggravation is intensified by the fact that the scanty repertoire of each of these is furnished only with the compositions of Mr. Offenbach. At a time when Americans were beginning to feel a lively interest in musical matters, and when their capacity for comprehension of the better class of compositions has been enlarged by familiarity with good music, interpreted by skilful native and foreign artists, the introduction of Offenbach to the stages of our Academies, and his quick popularity can be regarded as little less than calamitous. Offenbach is not a great musician, and his compositions are unworthy of a place beside the meaneast productions of the men who are entitled to rank among leading composers. Possessing a thorough musical education, he is a master of all known styles, [?] and is capable of all possible effects; but he has not the faintest spark of genius, and none of that creative power which is its highest attribute. He is an absorber of other men's ideas. Genius gathers into itself the best of every kind, focalizes it and gives it added intensity and beauty, and more powerful life. Offenbach's talent is sponge-like; it holds all, and at every squeeze it yields a medley of precisely the kinds it contains. This quality is perceptible in the tire-some similarity of all his productions. The same general tone pervades *La Grande Duchesse*, *La Belle Héloïse*, and *Barbe Bleue*. If we except the few melodies, and a half dozen odd concerted pieces in each, one of his operas is nearly the counterpart of the others. He exhausts the variety of effects in one, and has no alternative but to give the same general styles from the same reservoir of accumulated material in all the others. His melodies may be accepted as the best evidence of his title to rank as a musician. But these are contemptible. He has not written an air superior to "Champagne Charlie," or "Tramp, Tramp," and there are multitudes of our negro melodies that for plaintive sweetness, oddity and originality, are as much better than his compositions as Ossian's poems are superior to those of Walt Whitman. If Offenbach deserves fame, our own Foster is entitled to immortality.

The plea that he is an artist in burlesque will not avail. Whatever his special field of operation, he claims to be a musician; it is as a musician he comes before the public, and in this character we

must judge him. It is not necessary, moreover, that a composer of comic opera should be a fantastic trickster,—a whipper of harmonic syllabubs that are froth and nothing more. Real humor and pure and harmless fun are more likely to be the offspring of genius and correct taste than the creations of talent which indulges in mad pranks and recklessly defies the laws of order, and more than that, of decency. Auber, Rossini, and Donizetti have written comic operas, and wedded humor to immortal music. These men rank with the old masters of English comedy, while Offenbach is in the position of those petty farce writers who are engaged by the theatres to tickle the public fancy with dramatizations of the latest sensation. His music is sometimes funny, but it is oftener contemptible. He presents the spectacle of a man who has risen to popularity without a particle of genuine merit, and by purely factitious means, while other composers, whose genius is unquestioned, languish in comparative obscurity. There is more genius exhibited in one of Strauss's waltzes than in the whole of Offenbach's compositions, and yet there are thousands who know of Offenbach who never heard of Strauss.

And Offenbach is entirely incapable of doing anything better. He made one attempt to contribute to legitimate comic opera in Paris, and failed disastrously. A second effort was made to compose music for a new ballet at the Grand Opera, and again his utter want of respectability was demonstrated. He does not know the true meaning and mission of music, as a musician should. He does not comprehend that it is a rich, various and emotional language which speaks to the inner consciousness of men, with an expression as wide as the range of human feeling, and as subtle as the senses. He seems to perceive the outward existence without its deeper significance, and he whirls his chords and cadences into disjointed fellowship, with as little comprehension of the resources and application of musical language, as if some one should rifle the dictionary of its odd words, and form them into an array of queer, unconnected sentences. That such a musician as this should have crowded from the stage the noble composers of the day, is not creditable to our taste and cultivation.

But if musical incapacity and folly were the most heinous of M. Offenbach's faults, he might, perhaps, be forgiven. Unfortunately, his offence is greater. He is the man who has prostituted the divine art to giving a false attractiveness to prurieny. As an English journal expresses it, "he is the troubadour of ladies of doubtful reputation." All his operas, excepting the failure alluded to above, were written for a theatre of very questionable respectability in Paris. It is the haunt of fast men, lewd men, women of bad character, and the grossly sensual of both sexes. M. Offenbach can obtain representation nowhere else in Paris. The text of his operas bears sufficient evidence of the fact that they were written to suit the tastes of the frequenters of the Bouffes Parisiennes. *La Belle Helene* is a gross caricature of a story that is in itself not impure; but Offenbach's compilers have represented it in scenes which are vilely indecent. The heroine of *Barbe Bleue* is a common woman, and the text of the libretto is filled from first to last with obscenity and filth. *Genievre de Brabant* is a lewd story of intrigue, and the libretto is not less shameless in its use of terms than that of *Barbe Bleue*. *La Grande Duchesse* is the purest of them all, but the opportunity for indecent action is large, and in this city at least it has not been entirely neglected.

This "cast off slough of a polluted and shameless French theatre" has been presented night after night before American men and women, who have found strange pleasure in witnessing the antics of actors and actresses who reproduced here in our Academies of Music the wanton performances of a French concert saloon, and the lascivious dances of a French wine garden. Mlle. Tostée, without voice, facial beauty, figure, or any favor to our claim as an artist, was cheered at every representation, because with her unclad legs she indulged in a vulgar kick, that was not even amusing, but only disgusting. A certain disregard of decency, consequent upon her faithful interpretation of M. Offenbach, and a knack of twisting her fat form into unwomanly positions, together with a vivacity altogether French, constitute her entire artistic stock in trade.

It would be rather harsh to say that the favor with which these representations have been received is the result of a popular inclination for prurieny, but it is wholly incomprehensible why respectable men and women should applaud language upon the stage, which in social life would insure the ostracism and the disgrace of the user. If the actions of Tostée and her sisters would bring a blush to the cheek in our parlors, they are not fit for the stage, and an assumption of modesty in the parts of those who ap-

plaud indecency in opera bouffe is entirely inconsistent with common sense.

But Offenbach and his operas are the fashion, and we expect them to retain their popularity—whatever may be the cause of it—until the present mania for sensationalism, legs and lasciviousness has worn itself out. When that blessed time shall come, we sincerely hope Offenbach and his compositions, *Black Crook* dramas and their nymphs, will be neglected and despised, and we shall turn once more to legitimate drama, and the stage will move nearly approximate to its true purpose and destiny.

Her Majesty's Opera.

TIETJENS, TREBELLI, KELLOGG, SINICO, NILSSON, SANTLEY, GASSIER, MONGINI, &C.

The London *Telegraph* gives the following *resumé* of the past season at Drury Lane, and of the singers, a part of whom (not including Nilsson, nor Trebelli, the best contralto of the day) Mr. Mapleson, according to report, will soon bring to New York:

The season opened on Saturday, the 28th of March, with "*Lucrezia Borgia*," an opera which, if no longer in its first glory, has at least the recommendations of being easily mounted, and of always proving effective when it is efficiently performed. Since the retirement of Madame Grisi we have had no such competent representative of the wicked duchess as Mdlle. Tietjens, who, on this opening night, sang with rare splendor of voice. The Genaro of the evening was not altogether unknown to *habitués* of the "old house;" for, some twenty years ago, Signor Fraschini, known as the "tenore della maledizione," from his forcible delivery of the curse in the bethrothal scene of "*Lucia*," first made his appearance before an English audience. But time had not impaired his style, while it had seriously impaired the natural good qualities of his voice, and, though applauded for a while by the "groundlings," he enlisted the sympathy of few connoisseurs in his favor. He continued, however, to appear at frequent intervals, until the advent of Signor Mongini threw the elder *tenore robusto* into the shade. In "*Semiramide*," the second opera produced, Madame Trebelli-Bettini found in Arsace a *role* worthy of her highly-cultivated ability. Gifted with a mezzo-soprano voice of rich and sympathetic quality, a perfect mistress of the almost forgotten florid Rossinian style of vocalization, and having the advantages of a good stage face and figure, Madame Trebelli is beyond all comparison the most useful and capable of all the singers who take contralto parts. The Babylonian Queen herself of course fell to Mdlle. Tietjens, and the small tenor part had an efficient representative in Signor Bettini, whose reliable and musician-like singing has been of frequent use to the management. "*La Traviata*" was brought out for the purpose of introducing Mdlle. Kellogg to the regular subscribers to the opera. In the autumnal season that was brought to a somewhat premature close by the burning of Her Majesty's Theatre, the young American lady had produced, by means of her pleasant voice and lively manner, an unquestionably favorable impression on Mr. Mapleson's popular patrons. But her success had to be ratified by a more critical audience; and it is much to the credit of the ambitious young vocalist that she has succeeded in holding her ground, in spite of the large number of important parts so lavishly allotted to her. That she is already a consummate artiste, either as singer or actress, it would be manifestly folly in her most devoted friends to maintain, but her spirit, industry, and talent give abundant warranty that she is capable of some day taking a high position. Considering that Mdlle. Kellogg's education has been entirely completed in America, she may on that account alone claim high praise for her already acquired proficiency. In the course of the season she appeared as Gilda in "*Rigoletto*;" NINETTA, in "*La Gazza Ladra*;" DONNA ELVIRA, Sussanna, Linda, and Maria in "*La Figlia del Reggimento*"—an extraordinary range of characters for so young and comparatively inexperienced a singer to attempt. Our American cousins may feel some gratification in having trained their countrywoman for so adventurous a task. "*La Traviata*" gave Mr. Santley an opportunity of showing what progress he has made as an actor, inasmuch as he contrived to give some personal dramatic interest even to such a dull personage as old Germont. In mere vocalization there was scarcely room for improvement, but, nevertheless, in "*La Gazza Ladra*" he displayed a proficiency in the singing of Rossinian music for which he had not previously had full recognition, while in every opera in which he was engaged he declaimed with much greater breadth of style than for-

merly. In the character of Rigoletto the jester, and in that of the father of Linda, he exhibited very remarkable dramatic power. No actor has ever had at the beginning of his career more to learn than Mr. Santley, but he has triumphed over all obstacles. For the man of real determination the word "impossible" does not exist. The indisposition of Mdlle. Tietjens, on one evening when "*Il Trovatore*" was announced, brought out very prominently the ready capacity of Mdlle. Sinico, who, in order that the entertainment should not be changed, assumed at short notice the part of Leonora, and acquitted herself remarkably well of her task. She has throughout been of great use, her Marcellina and Susanna being especially admirable. "*Le Nozze*" exhibited Signor Gassier in his best character—that of Figaro—a part in which he is equally at home, whether the music be by Rossini or by Mozart; but his general capability has throughout the season been constantly tested. This same opera supplies Mdlle. Tietjens with one of her best characters—that of the Countess; and we may mention here that the zealous German prima donna is equally admirable whenever she is engaged in the interpretation of Mozart, whether the character be the neglected spouse of Almaviva, the stately Donna Anna, or the vague personage of Pamina, the heroine of the "*Enchanted Flute*." In "*Fidelio*," Mdlle. Tietjens far outshines all who for many years past have attempted to portray the love of the devoted wife whom no dangers can appal when the salvation of her husband is in question; while in "*Medea*" she grapples successfully with a part which no other lyric artiste of our time has dared attempt. Mdlle. Tietjens has also appeared in "*Les Huguenots*," "*Norma*," and "*Il Trovatore*," works in which her impersonations are well known. She has found a gifted partner in Signor Mongini, who first appeared in the rather uncongenial part of Lionello in "*Marta*;" but who afterwards, in such characters as Manrico, Raoul, and Edgardo, had ample opportunity of proving the fine quality of his unparalleled powers. There is no doubt that Signor Mongini possesses the finest tenor voice of the day, and that he has extraordinary dramatic power. His fault is that his intense feeling sometimes leads him into exaggeration. It is noteworthy that he was most praiseworthy in the most trying music—that of "*Medea*," the actual difficulties of which prevented him from ever lapsing into any extravagance. Of another tenor, Signor Ferenzy, it need only be said that he had several chances, but that he failed in turning them to good account; while a Signor Bulterini, who appeared only in the last week, exhibited some promise. The splendid bass voice of Signor Foli, and his capacity for doing justice to music of every school, have made his co-operation throughout the season of very great value—so great, indeed, that the short stay here of Herr Rokitski was the less to be deplored. Nor should Mr. Lyall's power of creating a character part out of the slenderest materials—as, for instance, in Monostatos, and in the Jew pedlar in "*La Gazza Ladra*"—be altogether unacknowledged.

The "bright particular star" of this, as of the former season, has unquestionably been Mdlle. Christine Nilsson, who, on the 2d of May, reappeared in "*La Traviata*." Flashed with the triumph she had just achieved in Paris, where she had succeeded in making the weakest of operas—M. Thomas's "*Hamlet*"—the greatest of successes, she returned to us with the halo of victory about her brow. And, so far from being deteriorated by her good fortune, Mdlle. Nilsson returned a more complete and finished artiste than when she left us. Her voice was fuller, her singing more variously colored, if we may use the expression, her action more earnest and intellectual. Donna Elvira, Astraffiamante, her most effective part, and Marta, the character in which she shone most last year, were this season all thrown into the shade by her Lucia di Lammermoor, a creation as elaborate in design as it is fascinating in result. The fair Swedish lady's talents were here seen at their very best, although her assumption of Cherubino, the mischievous page of "*Le Nozze*," continued to give an unusual attraction to the most melodious of operas. Mdlle. Nilsson has this season greatly extended in the concert room the reputation she so quickly made upon the stage. A star of the first magnitude, we trust that she will be "fixed" in our operatic firmament.

The Autograph of Handel's "Messiah" Photographed.

One would fain believe that Handel had some sentiment, however vague, of his own universal renown. It is hard to imagine him writing, far in advance of contemporary ideas or resources, with no assurance of a time when men would preserve to his genius—

"A broad approach to fame,
And ever-ringing avenues of song."

Still more difficult is it to suppose that one so gifted and so brave—for Handel was, in his way, a hero—had no greater present reward than the brightness of that Indian summer of success which came to him when in the "sero and yellow leaf." But, however this may have been, it is certain that of one thing recently done in his honor the master never dreamed. Visions of gigantic festivals were possible (he was once told that his music demanded armies for executants), but a reproduction of his autograph of the "Messiah," by means of sunlight and chemicals, could not have entered into his wildest imaginings.

Great are the uses of photography. It has long ministered to friendship, furnished the detective with an unerring guide, brought home to us the ends of the earth, and perpetuated the changing glories of the heavens. Now, however, this beneficent invention has assumed an unexpected form of usefulness. It was a happy idea that led the Sacred Harmonic Society to photo-lithograph the manuscript of Handel's greatest work, and the success of their experiment will have interesting and important results. We may now hope to see the scores of all the great masters reproduced in like manner, and the masters themselves brought closer to us than ever before—so close that we can look over them as they write, trace the current of their thoughts, and mark the guise in which their conceptions first took shape. Let the *finatico per la musica* rejoice, therefore, at the prospect of being as familiar with the hieroglyphics of Beethoven, and the neatly written characters of Mendelssohn, as with the process—longer and more painful than is commonly believed—by which art perfects the inspiration of genius. Not the least of the many services rendered to music by the Sacred Harmonic Society is this their latest act of homage to Handel.

But this new application of photography can hardly fail to have an interest for the general public. The least curious of men loves to pry into creative processes. Even though he care nothing for what is produced, he is eager to know how it came about. Especially is this the case if the result be a world-famous and imperishable thing. The various stages of conception and execution that led up to the cartoons of Raphael, the Apollo Belvidere, or "Paradise Lost," would, were they revealed to us, absorb universal attention, just as—to illustrate by a fact—there is nothing better remembered in connection with Sir Joseph Paxton's glass palace than its first design on blotting-paper. The volume under notice, therefore, has an interest for every body. To a great extent it gratifies that natural and legitimate curiosity which can not but be felt with regard to one of the finest master-pieces of art.

This "Messiah" score is an oppressively suggestive volume, giving rise to thoughts burdensome from their number and interest.

It is easy to gain some insight into Handel's character from the volume under notice. We may laugh at the ladies and gentlemen who advertise their ability to tell us all about ourselves "on receipt of our own handwriting," but they have merely pushed a truth far enough to make it ridiculous. This "Messiah" score is a case in proof. One does not want special powers to describe the kind of man who filled its pages; while the impressions conveyed agree, in every instance, with the statements of those who had the advantage of Handel's personal acquaintance. The changeable mood of the composer, for example, is accurately reflected in his manuscript. At one time he writes calmly, and with as near an approach to neatness as he is capable of making. At another, he seems to have a rush of ideas, with which his pen cannot keep pace, though it flies over the paper at speed, and by no means stands upon the order of its going. At another, it is plain that he labors hard, grows fiercely impatient of errors, and dashes huge ink-strokes through them, or else smears them with his finger after the fashion subsequently adopted by Mr. Samuel Weller. No equable, self-contained musician could have produced the "Messiah" manuscript. It is the work of one quick to feel, and by no means scrupulous about manifesting all he felt. Not less evidently was its author a man of careless habits. Accepting the testimony of this volume, it is impossible to suppose Handel worrying himself over a refractory neckcloth, or severe with his tailor because of an imperfect fit. A more untidy manuscript can hardly be imagined. So few pages are free from blots and smears that one is driven to suppose the master, in moments of abstraction, scattered the ink about. Moreover, the work is as innocent of pen-knife marks as a banker's ledger. Mistakes, great or small, are either crossed or re-crossed, or swallowed up in the blackness, according to the humor of the moment. Something, too, of his physical personality can be gathered from the writing. It

must have been a heavy hand that penned such coarse, rude characters. No quill could account by itself for notes with heads so huge and tails so flaunting. The "Messiah" score, in point of fact, is just what might have been expected from the burly Saxon. It reflects his physique not less faithfully than the splendor of his genius.

Interesting as it is to observe all this, and more than that can not be dwelt upon here, the attraction of the volume lies in the fact that it shows us the "Messiah" as that immortal work first sprang from its composer's brain. Conscious of the importance of his sacred oratorio, Handel expended upon it a good deal of loving care, touching and re-touching so long as anything seemed deficient. By help of the *fac simile* before us, every change thus made can now be noted.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 12, 1868.

The Musical Prospect.

What good music is in store for us this coming season? is the question often put to us of late, and often difficult to answer satisfactorily. There are newspaper hints, predictions, guesses, but as yet no announcements. The most that can be positively reported is a certain busy hum of preparation; plans are forming, orchestras and choirs are organizing, and the silent work of programme making (which is a kind of work of art, a composition, in its way) is taxing a few brains more severely than most people, who only hear and enjoy good music, can well be aware.

It is safe, we think, to promise of Boston that we shall have as much and as good, orchestral, choral, and chamber music the coming winter as we had the last, and even better.

The Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association will be earlier than usual in the field, as well as more in number. There have been brief *on dits* and whispers about them in the newspapers, often incorrect, but all agreeing in the main fact that the concerts are to be, and are to begin early, which people hurrying home from the country and the seashore have mistaken for authoritative announcements. And Mr. Peck, at the Music Hall, as well as members of the Committee, are even now beset with premature inquiries for season tickets, which shows a commendable degree of earnestness. *Warte nur!* in due time all will be announced and tickets will be ready. It takes time to organize such concerts, and for this work the summer months are not available. Meanwhile so much is settled: There will be ten Symphony Concerts (two more than last year), beginning on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 12, and continuing regularly once a fortnight until March 18. Ten of the subscription series; possibly one or two benefit concerts besides. They will be in the Music Hall, of course, with essentially the orchestra of last year, only with such improvements as may be found practicable. Mr. Zerrahn, now in Europe, will return soon after the middle of October, in season for the first rehearsals, and will bring to the responsible and delicate task of conductor, which he has discharged so satisfactorily, new light and new impulse from the hearing of orchestras and intercourse with leading musicians in England, Germany and France. Mr. Eichberg is already every day expected home, and also Mr. Wulf Fries.

As for the programmes, the very richness of the three past seasons complicates the problem of selection. Most of Beethoven's Symphonies; all

the important ones (those which have any concert vogue) of Mozart; the great Schubert Symphony in C; the most desirable, perhaps, of those by Schumann, &c., have been given in these concerts and given repeatedly. So have most of the great overtures. Other works of these kinds had grown so familiar in other concerts, that their presence could be spared awhile. To seek novelty outside of standard masterworks, classical in a generous sense, would be departing from the intention of these concerts, which is to make sure and permanent in this community at least one clear fountain-head of unquestionably good music, as a standard and corrective amid superficial shifting tastes and fashions. One feature in this winter's programmes will be a large allowance of the Symphonies of Haydn,—those models of perfect symmetry and elegance, which lie at the foundation of the whole symphonic art so far as it can be learned by example; while they are so fresh and pure and wholesome in their spirit, so right from a child-like, cheerful, loving heart, full of well-ordering wisdom, of felicitous invention, of exquisite graces and surprises of fancy, of humorous heat lightning in the midst of earnestness. True, one cannot listen to Haydn so long without weariness as he can to Beethoven; one may by constant repetition become cloyed and dull to him; he seldom stirs so deep a chord as the great symphonists who came after him, from Mozart to Schumann. But over-familiarity with Father Haydn is not at all our case. It is strangely seldom that his Symphonies have been heard in Boston; only two or three (and there are published 30 or 40) during the last three or four years; twenty years ago they figured often in the programmes, but never anything like as often as Beethoven's, never till their ideas, their moods, their style could possibly become commonplace. Older musical publics have begun with Haydn, and so have grown up, through Mozart, to Beethoven; with these familiar as household words, schooled thus in the classic models, such publics were prepared to listen with discrimination to the newer prophets, and could even be safely trusted to indulge their curiosity about Liszt and Wagner. Boston began at the other end of the course; in our symphonic culture we were put in the first class before we were freshmen. We began with Beethoven; the glorious "C-minor" was our first love; thirty years ago it was played here repeatedly, and it must have been heard hundreds of times in Boston since. All the Nine, the choral Ninth included, have grown familiar here; the least familiar is the *Eroica*. The best of Mozart are not strange to us. With Mendelssohn and Gade, even with Schumann and Schubert, we have held more converse than with dear old Haydn. Yet old music-lovers all come back to him with a sincere delight, sure to find in him even more than they had given him credit for in their days of young enthusiasm.

There may have been a period when we were a little *blasé* to his even-tempered elegance and naive cheerfulness; but a Haydn Symphony, well played, is sure to charm the most experienced concert goer at any time. We remember listening to one one evening in Halle with Robert Franz, and how the musician from head to foot grew radiant and laughing with delight. The two already given charmed the Harvard audience, and it will be so again. It is the design to give

at least half a dozen more of them this winter. They will work in well by contrast sometimes in the same programme with another symphony; one, for instance, with the "Reformation" symphony of Mendelssohn, another with the "Italian," another with Beethoven's sunny No. 8.

Of other composers some of the old favorites of course will be repeated, and some noble works be given for the first time; for example, the Symphony in E flat by Schumann. So too with overtures; treasures new and old remain still to be drawn upon; we have had four by Cherubini, and there are still more. It is probable that the season will open with Beethoven's Dedication Overture (*Weihe des Hauses*), and the Heroic Symphony, grand and too seldom heard; while it is decided that the brilliant pianist, Miss Alide Toppe, will play on that occasion one of the Chopin Concertos. The series will be rich as usual in Concertos, for piano, violin, &c. And there will doubtless be occasionally something choice in the way of singing.

2. ORATORIO. The Handel and Haydn Society have not fully shaped their plans; but it is certain that they will give a performance in Thanksgiving week—"Jephtha" is talked of—and of course the "Messiah," as usual, at Christmas time. There is also some thought of taking up, for a novelty, Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria," which was so successful at the Birmingham Festival. And it is by no means impossible that the old Society will brace itself up to the work of making a strong beginning upon Bach, and devote some of their time all winter to the study of the "Passion Music" so as to bring it out next Spring. After the triumphs of last May, this would seem to be the one brave enterprise most worthy of the Society's ambition. It has shown that it can be alive for a great Festival, this would inspire it with a new every day life, which is of far more consequence; this would seem to be the natural next step of real progress; for to keep the height that we have gained we must move on. It would be a new era in the Handel and Haydn history to have done this, nor can it ever fairly make good the artistic rank it claims, and place itself on a level with the great Choral Societies of Europe as a peer among them, until it has done this.

3. CHAMBER MUSIC. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will begin to give us classical string Quintets, Quartets, Trios, &c., after the first of January. Why not a short season (say of four concerts) before, and another after New Year?—We presume the two larger "Conservatories" will also furnish frequent hours of music of this kind for their pupils and friends.—We are still rich in most accomplished classical pianists; Lang, Leonhard, Parker, Perabo, Petersilea will be here; what concert plans they have *in petto* we are not informed; but, while we have them with us, Beethoven and Bach and Mendelssohn and Chopin and Schubert and Schuman will not sink into silence. Dresel, to be sure, will pass the winter in Germany; but even from that distance he will help us. Then too, we shall no doubt have concerts by Miss Topp,—both chamber concerts, and with orchestra, for it is her wish to play in Boston the Concertos of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and others, and of course we all wish to hear her. Moreover, it is believed that the famous Russian pianist Anton Rubinstein is coming to this country.

4. Of semi-private Social Club concerts there will be no lack. The interest in this form of musical activity, as compared with the more public, naturally grows with culture. Clubs of amateurs are not afraid of the *finer* tasks, though they may shrink from difficulties. Having no eye to speculation, they incline to choice selections. Mr. Parker's admirable choir will soon resume their Monday eve-

ning practice, and prepare more feasts of new and rare things, Cantatas, Motets, part-songs, &c., for their friends. Our "Orpheus" friends, under the inspiring lead of Mr. Kreissmann, intend to perform Max Bruch's music to the *Friethjof's Saga*, entire, with orchestra.

5. VIRTUOSOS, who make the music subservient to the exhibition of themselves, will shoot more or less like meteors through the air and claim a momentary attention; but fortunately the musical atmosphere has been kept so clear of late years, that the fixed stars outshine them and excite more love and wonder. The return of Ole Bull is the first visitation promised of this kind,—a man of genius in his way with many noble traits.

6. And what of Opera? The whole operatic business, it must be confessed, of late years has gone on from worse to worse. We have no such Italian companies, no such Italian singers, as we had ten or fifteen years ago. Opera in this country is purely a matter of individual speculation; the impresarios care not to establish anything good and permanent, but only to reap short, rich harvests in one city after another by raising extravagant expectations and, by virtue of much advertising and newspaper puffery, creating a factitious fever (of course only among the large class of would-be-fashionables, who only fancy they love music) for a few weeks. This they can accomplish with cheap companies, weak orchestra and chorus, and hacknied pieces, or *ad captandum* novelties, about as effectually for their purpose as with the best. The influences of these enterprises upon public taste is on the whole demoralizing; momentary excitements, fashions, the continual deranging and unsettling of all steady, wholesome currents in any one direction, make it impossible for the great opera-going public to form any taste. Appetite is constantly stimulated, cheated, spoiled by the un-nourishing medley of varieties. A few years ago we had an excellent beginning in the way of German Opera; the principal singers, the ensemble, the conscientious regard to harmony of detail, as well as the selection of pieces (*Fidelio*, *Freyschutz*, *La Dame Blanche*, &c.) far better than any Italian troupe has offered us for many years. But by some caprice of management or singers, or some strange fatality, it went to pieces, and with it sank the only real hope of opera that stood out upon our horizon. Now it has perhaps reached the point when it is wise to say: the worse it is, the better. Utter dying out, disintegration, before a new and healthier beginning. And indeed, has not the downward tendency perhaps reached its lowest depth in this last rotten fashion, the music of Offenbach? It is justly characterized in the article we have copied from a Philadelphia critic, and we are glad to meet with such outspoken, entire sympathy with the ground we took almost alone last winter. It seems that Offenbach is likely to drive out all other opera next season. No less than four Richmonds in the field! Well, then, the more troupes the better; let them run it into the ground as fast as possible, and bury the dirty thing out of sight. Give it another season, and then look for the wholesome reaction; *fashions*, sooner or later, grow stale and offensive; *real music*, *real beauty*, *real humor*, from the heart and brain of real genius, keep their sweetness.

"MEDUSA AND OTHER TALES."—Loring has given us in a pamphlet volume some more charming tales and sketches by Mrs. Sartoris (Adelaide Kemble), in the same vein with her delightful "Week in a French Country House." These papers show the same genial, lively talent for characterization and description, the same easy, graceful writing, fine, æsthetic culture, large and generous views, and hearty sympathy with human nature and with what is noble. The first and longest piece, to be sure, the only one which can properly be called a story, is a tale of fall-

ing in love, through musical sympathies, with a lady hopelessly insane, and therefore, as a whole, in spite of many beauties, seems not quite natural. But music enters as a chief pervading element into all the little pieces, and they embody a sincere love and large experience of what is best in music, with much sound, subtle criticism, and many happy hints of pleasant satire. The London operas and concerts, and fashionable Italian music parties, furnish the texts for these, while we are brought near to several master spirits of the art, for instance, Joachim. By far the best piece of the book is "Recollections of the Life of Joseph Heywood, and Some of his Thoughts about Music." Here is one for a specimen; when has the *Trovatore* been hit off so well?

"I went to the Italian Opera to hear Mozart's enchanting *Nozze di Figaro*. The house was very poorly attended, the stalls and boxes having only a thin sprinkling of people here and there. The music was sung with shameful carelessness, and the actors did not seem to think it worth while to give themselves the trouble to move. I was quite indignant at this disgraceful indifference; but was afterwards told that the Italians hate Mozart's music, which they consider tiresome and ineffective, and that also, in a general way, they seldom take the pains to exert themselves when the house is full.

"To make up for this disappointment, Winterton gave me a place in his box, a night or two afterwards, to hear an opera which I was told was one of the great works of modern times. I remembered very distinctly the Italian music I had heard years ago—the brilliant effects and grand finish of Rossini, the agreeable vein of melody, somewhat poorly worked out, but always charming in sentiment, of Bellini,—and I hoped to have all these delightful old recollections delightfully revived. I declare that, from beginning to end, it was one continual bang and shriek. Such tune as there was, was of the very commonest order, and as for the story, it defied all comprehension and beggars all description. I only know that there was a husband and wife who bawled a hideous duet at each other, with the veins in their throat swollen till I thought they would burst, and their eyes starting out of their heads at their own screams; and a mother who bawled because she had wanted to burn somebody else's baby, and then, by a very unaccountable mistake, had put her own baby on the fire instead; and then there was a man, with the most extraordinary lungs I ever heard, who bawled for an hour together at the same pitch because his mother was going to be burned. Possibly there might be a degree of justification in the general unpleasantness of their positions; but then, I ask, why choose fire for the libretto of an opera? There was at last a moment's respite in a commonplace but rather agreeable little duet towards the conclusion, where the lady who has burned the children goes to sleep, and therefore is obliged to cease bawling for a few seconds; and there were two pretty romances sung in lucid intervals by the tenor, one at the beginning and the other at the end, when he is shut up in a tower. But, on the whole, the performance seemed to me very like the idiot's story,—'full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing.'"

And here again, in a description of a musical party:

"The only thing that gave me any real pleasure was the performance of a lady, with a perfect glory of fair hair, who sat down to the piano and accompanied herself in one of Beethoven's sacred songs. The music was grand, and she sang it admirably. I asked one of my neighbors who she was. 'Christian Rupert—Mrs. Rupert,' was the answer. 'Hasn't she a lovely voice? But it is such a pity she always will sing such tiresome things.'"

"'Too beautiful!' said an enthusiastic lady on the other side. 'Mendlesham, isn't it? I do dote upon Mendlesham, don't you? I always say Verdi and Mendlesham,—Verdi and Mendlesham,—nothing like 'em!'"

THE BOSTON CHORAL UNION (whose first concert last spring our readers will remember), gave an impromptu entertainment last Monday evening in honor of their late conductor, Mr. SOUTHARD. The ladies of the Society provided a collation, and with a few songs and concerted pieces the affair passed off with unusual satisfaction. At the close of the evening Mr. Southard was presented with a massive silver pitcher, and the young lady accompanist received a handsome testimonial in the shape of a carved music-rack. The Hall and tables were handsomely decorated with flowers, the company was large and brilliant, the *farewell* was sincere and heartfelt.

THE NEW OPERA HOUSE IN LEIPZIG.—A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* writes:

Whilst sojourning in Leipzig, about a week ago, I took occasion to examine the magnificent new Opera House that stands opposite the Museum, upon the spacious and beautiful *Augustus Platz*. The opera for the evening was Flotow's ever pretty, piquant *Martha*, and its performance every way worthy of the renowned city wherein it was given. Especially was the orchestra deserving of all commendation. It comprised some sixty of the leading musicians of the theatre itself, and of the famous *Gewandhaus*, and it executed the various accompaniments with infinite precision and matchless taste. The troupe upon the stage consisted of the regular vocalists who hold permanent position here under the government of King John; but I noticed more than one name underlined as furloughed because of summer vacation privileges or sickness. Indeed the Lionel of the evening was a tenor from Frankfort-on-the-Main, put down upon the play-bill as "Gast" (Guest). It is rather of the costly edifice and of its internal equipments, however, that I would write.

The Royal Opera House of Leipzig, then, was erected between the years 1864-67, after plans by Oberbaurath (chief building advisor), Langhans, and developed under the personal superintendence of a builder, named Dost. It presents a vast palatial front of pious stone, with six arched alcoves, underneath which runs a carriage-way, resting upon the street. Surmounting these, rise as many symmetrical pillars which support the elaborately carved facade beneath the two sloping sides of the roof. On either side of said columns a beautifully rounded bastion-like edifice swings around to the rear, where a marble pavilion and terrace invite the promenader in the entr'actes to the cool shades and gushing fountains of the *Schwanenteich* (swan-pond), in a garden through which run many avenues far around to the magnificent railway stations of the city. I have no means of knowing its actual proportions, but the entire edifice covers a vast area—second only to the new building now in course of construction in Paris. Its cloak-rooms and lobbies, restaurant and other internal features of the kind, are very spacious, and most elaborately frescoed. Splendid portraits of Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Mozart and other renowned tone-masters, grace the elegant portals of the various places of *entrée*. The auditorium contains an immense parquet, and a contracted parquet circle, but above these rise five sweeping rows or tiers. Immediately touching the spacious stage, the eye takes in nine very roomy private boxes—three abreast—the central on either side devoted to the use of the private family. They are very elaborately and richly furnished, and as in all other parts of the theatre, present a background of crimson plush, like ours in Philadelphia. Not the least noticeable in this beautiful temple of the Muses, are the universal richness and tastefulness of the gilt carvings along the entire front of the tiers, as well as the artistic finish of the numerous frescoes upon the ceiling. The chandelier that chiefly serves to illumine the auditorium, is very inferior to that of the Philadelphia Academy, in its construction as well as in the quantity of light supplied. As to acoustic effect, there seems to be no flaw in that particular, and what though its size be enormous, the Lady Harriet of the evening filled its every part with no seeming tax upon her physical powers, and the large audience listened with decorous attention, despite the discomforts of a high Fahrenheit temperature. The opera in all of the German cities commences at 6 P. M., and closes at 9, thus allowing enthusiastic votaries of music to pass a couple of hours before midnight in the numberless gardens, where fine orchestras discourse beautiful music for three silver groschen.

OFFENBACH.—The English press is more outspoken than our own about the last low fashion in opera. The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:

"M. Offenbach is, we are aware, capable of other things, and nobody can deny the piquant vivacity of many of his compositions. But as Schubert is popularly, and above all, known by his songs; Mendelssohn by his Songs without Words; Rossini by his operas; Balfe by his operatic ballads; Strauss by his waltzes; Musard by his quadrilles; so M. Offenbach will be known (until he is altogether forgotten) by his Cancans, in the composition of which he is, we are happy to think, unrivalled. M. Offenbach is the troubadour of ladies of doubtful reputation, and enjoys their sympathy through the readiness with which he, as a musician, has entered into the spirit of their favorite dance."

MISS ALICE DUTTON, of whom we have often spoken as one of the most promising of our rising

pianists, and of a real artist-like and earnest spirit, has been giving concerts out West during the past month. Of course the programmes were not quite so select as she would have played in Boston, but they contained good things. In Davenport, Iowa, she played Chopin's *Ballade* in A flat, besides "*March des Amazons*," by Wehli, and a Duo by Alard with a violinist named Strasser; and there was some vocal miscellany. At Rock Island Miss Dutton's selections were "*Le dernier Sourire*" by Wollenhaupt, Liszt's transcription of the *Lucia* Sextet, a Duo on Mozart themes, for piano and violin, by Beethoven, and again the Alard Duo. The Gounod *Ave Maria*, for voice, violin, organ, and piano, figured in both these concerts. At Geneseo, Ill., Aug. 31st, she was assisted by Miss Maggie Rowse, in the double character of soprano singer and pianist. Miss Dutton played one of Liszt's *Rhapsodies Hongroises*, "*La Fontaine*" by Lysberg, and a couple of four-handed pieces with the other lady, one of them an arrangement from Beethoven's 7th Symphony.

A NEW IDEA IN ART.—A photo-lithograph has been made of the manuscript of Handel's "Messiah," as left by the master. This idea, thoroughly carried out, cannot fail to exercise marked influence upon the progress in music of all who, whether students or not, take a more than ordinary interest in this art. It is, perhaps, the best mode that can be employed to give us a true key to the character and genius of the composer thus portrayed. It is as if we accompanied him, step by step, through his great achievements; as if we were with him; as if the emotions of his heart, the working of his brain, were always before us. The lessons to be derived from this are incalculable; for, if nothing else, we shall learn that the easy flow of ideas, often even with the greatest genius, is the result of hard and earnest thought, of many revisions and considerations. Whoever has looked over the manuscript of Beethoven, now in possession of the Prussian government, will bear witness to this, not less than if he has had occasion to glance at the manuscript of that German poet who furnished more matter to his composers than any other of his noble profession. We speak of Henri Heine. That ease, that brilliancy, that dash, in most of his verses, which seem to have been thrown upon the paper without any hesitation, almost in a whirl, as if to get rid of it forever, stares at us in his manuscript in a very different light. Often one single line, or one single word, is altered again and again, until it looks simple and natural, and as though it could not have been uttered in any other way. We might multiply examples from other men of eminence in music and letters, but this will suffice for the present purpose, which is only to call attention to the achievement of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in London, in thus producing the original MS. of Handel's "Messiah," and to express the hope that this may be followed up by the application of the art of photo-lithography to the works of other great masters of music.—*N. Y. Weekly Review*.

OPERA.—Mr. Maretzek has engaged an Italian and a German opera troupe for a western and eastern tour. His Italian troupe includes Mrs. Agatha States, Miss McCulloch, Brignoli, Ronconi, Orlandini and three new names, Signora Rosa Collins, Mdle. Louisa Durand and Signor Piccioli. For German opera he is said to have engaged La Grange, Madame Rotter, Miss Jenny Appel, Habelmann, William Formes, Hermanns and Herr Fischer Aetion.

According to the New York *Season*, it is settled beyond a matter of doubt that Mr. Mapleson will visit this country the coming season, with his London Opera Troupe. The principals are Mdle. Tietjens, Miss Kellogg, Mdle. Sinico, Signor Bulterini, and Mr. Santley, the distinguished baritone. Mr. Mapleson will commence a six or eight weeks' season at the New York Academy of Music, October 15th.

The salaries of the prominent artists in Mapleson's company are set down as follows: Tietjens, \$5000 per month; Kellogg, \$3200; Demerit Lablache, contralto, \$1000; Bulterini, tenor, \$2000; Firenze, tenor, \$1200; Santley, baritone, \$2200; Foli, basso, \$1600; Arditi, conductor, \$2000.

Mr. Grau's French opera troupe this season will include Mdles. Rosa-Belli, Goby-Fontenelle, Victoria Maurice, Rose Taillefer, Adrienne Signy and Elize Gabetta; and M. M. Corriar, Beckers, Bourgoin, Goby, Bataille and Mausey. "Genevieve de Brabant" will be the first opera performed.

Signor Antonucci is not to be in Maretzek's troupe. He has accepted an engagement for Naples. It is rumored that Miss Louisa Pyne has made a contract to visit this country the present year.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Love and War. Duet. Soprano or Tenor and Bass. 5. C to a. Cooke. 75
A capital, showy duet, which can hardly fail of being effective before company. The l-a-u-auging part is quite mirth provoking.

Elsie Vane. Song and Chorus. 2. C to e. G. E. Veazie. 30
A sweet ballad, in popular style.

Beauty's Rose. 2. G to g. Danskin. 30
A sweet song about Love and Roses, at once pleasing Hearts, Eyes and Noses.

Nelly. 3. F to d. Jane Sloman Torrey. 40
An exquisite song, full of taste and pathos, and as will be seen, of easy compass.

Karney's Wooing. 2. F to f. Lover. 30
A fine Irish song, full of fun and melody. As this "Lover" has sung his "last serenade," we must make much of his newer songs, knowing that we shall hear no more.

O Welcome my Wood. (Willkommen mein Wald.) 4. Eb to g. Franz. 35
If you would be sure to find a Gem of German Song—go to Franz!

The Woodland Stream. 3. Eb to f. Wrighton. 30
With a smooth flow of music, like a rivulet in the woods.

From the Alps. (Alpenhorn.) Voice, Piano and Flute. 3. Eb to g. Proch. 40
Proch's air is a great favorite, and this arrangement with Flute acc. adds much to the enjoyment of hearing it.

In this Lovely Spot. (Das Korbchen.) 3. Eb to g. Piano, Voice and Flute. Levey. 40
Like the above, a fine arrangement of a pleasing air.

We don't see it. Quartet. 2. Bb to eb. O. E. Dodge. 30
A new Grant song, and quite effective. The responses of the different voices, "I don't see it," "Nor I can't see it," &c., are pretty sure to "bring down the house."

Capt. Jinks. (As sung by Lingard.) 2. Bb to f. 40
This favorite song appears with a fine lithograph of the great Mimic, in the character of the officer of the "Horse Marines."

Instrumental.

Adele Waltz. 2. D. Godfrey. 30
Favorite Waltz, nicely arranged in easy form, by Knight.

Capt. Jinks' Quick-step. 3. Bb. Knight. 30
It will be seen, that the unfortunate captain, tho' turned out of the army, is still marching on, and to good music, too. An additional air, "On the Beach," is introduced in the last part.

Capt. Jinks' Quick-step, Simplified. 2. Bb. Wellman. 10
The same air, but made easy enough for beginners.

Reception March. 3. G and D. A. E. Warren. 30
Very sprightly. Play it to welcome your guests as they enter.

Apothecaries March. 3. Eb. C. J. Grass. 30
Quite a "stirring" air for our friends the druggists, who are all "pill"-crims, and should have had a march before now. They will find it an agreeable tonic and stimulant.

Chinese Embassy Polka. 2. F. Turner. 30
Easy and attractive.

Brilliant Jewels. A Piano-forte Medley. 3. A. P. Wyman. 75
A very pleasing combination of a number of popular melodies, in various keys.

Books.

LIBRETTO OF BARBE-BLEUE. 30

This story is one of the most amusing of the opera series, and the music inserted is sparkling and pretty.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

